Ieſ. I wiſh your Lady-ſhip all hearts content.
Por. I thanke you for your wiſh, and am well pleaſd
To wiſh it backe on you: farewell *Ieſſica.* *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthaſer*, as I haue euer found thee honeſt true,
So let me finde thee ſtill: Take this ſame Letter,
And vſe thou all th'indeuour of a man
In ſpeede to *Mantua*; ſee thou render this
Into my Coſins hands, Doctor *Belario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd ſpeede
Vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferry
Which trades to Venice: waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone, I ſhall be there before thee.
Bai. Madam, I go with all conuenient ſpeede. *Exit.*
Por. Come on *Nerriſſa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of. Wee'l ſee our husbands
Before they thinke of vs.
Ner. Shall they ſee vs?
Por. They ſhall *Nerriſſa*: but in ſuch a habite,
That they ſhall thinke we are accompliſhed
With that we lacke. Ile hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparreld like yong men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
And ſpeake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voice, and turne two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable Ladies ſought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell ſicke and dyed:
I could not doe withall. Then ile repent,
And wiſh for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of theſe punie lies ile tell,
That men ſhall ſweare I haue diſcontinued ſchoole
Aboue a twelue-month. I haue within my minde
A thouſand raw trickes of theſe bragging iackes,
VVhich

VVhich I will practiſe.
Ner. VVhy, ſhall we turne
Por. Fie, what a queſtion's
If thou wert nere a lewd interp
But come, ile tell thee all my w
VVhen I am in my Coach, whi
At the Parke gate; and therefo
For we muſt meaſure twenty m

Enter Clow

Clo. Yes truly, for looke yo
be laid vpon the children, ther
was alwayes plaine with you,
of the matrer: therefore be a g
are damn'd, ther is but one hop
and that is but a kind of baſtar
Ieſ. And what hope is that
Clo. Marry you may partl
not, that you are not the Iewes
Ieſſi. That were a kind of ba
my mother ſhould be viſited v
Clo. Truely then I feare you
Mother: thus when I ſhun *Scil*
your mother; well, you are go
Ieſ. I ſhall be ſau'd by my h
ſtian.
Clo. Truly the more to blam
before, e'ne as many as could w
king of Chriſtians will raiſe th
be Porke-eaters, we ſhall not
for money.

Enter Lor

Ieſ. Ile tel my husband *Lance*
Lor. I ſhall grow iealous of
G